

The History and Fall of the Conformity Bill:
Being an Excellent New Song
To the Tune of the Ladies Fall:

GOD bleſs our Gracious Sovereign *Ann*,
For ſo I ſhall her call,
Who Ruleth in our Engliſh Land,
An Engliſh Heart withall.

The Prince her Turtle true I trow
I alſo Pray God bleſs
And eke the Dutcheſſe of *Marlborough*;
Both his and her good Grace.

And now I think within this Realm
I need pray for no more;
For they who do ſit at the Helm,
Are two out of theſe Four.

And yet I maint omit the Church,
To Pray for in my Prayers;
Which has of late been left in th' lurch,
By Her own Sons and Heirs.

Ah! B—ps B—ps you I mean
They ſay you were poſſeſt
As one may ſay like Birds unclean
To foul thus your own Neſt.

For unto you a choice Bill came
Sent from the Commons Houſe,
And yet you did reject the ſame;
As if not worth a Louſe.

And now to tell I do intend
How they did bring this Bill in,
For that you'll find the very end
Of this my Tales beginning.

Few happy in this World there are,
And fewer in the next;
The firſt Experience doth declare
The laſt the Goſpel Text.

And therefore ſome great Men of Note,
Whom I ſhall Name anon;
Did in the Senate ſtoutly Vote
For Chriſtian Union.

Now Conſcience is a thing you know
Like to a Maſtiſſ Dog;
Which if ty'd up ſo fierce will grow,
To bite it's very Clog.

Wherefore ſome Men more wiſe than ſome
Thought they cou'd give good reaſon;
How that this Bill juſt now did come,
A little out of ſeaſon.

Difſenters they were to be preſt
To go to common Prayer;
And turn their Faces to the Eaſt
As God were only there.

Or elſe no Place of Price or Truſt,
They ever could obtain;
Which makes that ſaying very juſt
That Godlineſs is gain.

Now ſome I ſay did think this hard
And ſtrove with all their might;
That Subjects might not be debar'd
Of Freedom or of Right.

For who can think our Lord can Care
From whence the voice doth ſound;
Tho' we ſhould Pray as Seamen Swear,
The Compaſs Points around.

Sure he I ſay our Prayers can hear,
Whence ever we do call;
For if ſo be the Heart's ſincere
Oh! that is all in all.

But yet to ſee how this World goes
Right is by might devour'd;
And they who do this Bill oppoſe,
Alas! are overpower'd.

St. Stephen firſt was in Degree
That perſecution felt;
And perſecuted ſo was he
He better had been Gelt.

Ah! better had it been for he,
I'll ſay while I have breath;
Ten times unſtoned for to be
Than Stoned unto Death.

But let that paſs and mark me well
For things unknown before;
And ſtrange and true I now ſhall tell
Or ne'er believe me more.

How Stephen Stoned was you've heard,
Now to ſome that galls;
A Chappel of theſe Stones is reer'd,
By which his blood was ſpill'd.

St Stephen's Chappel it is hight,
And ſtands in *Weſtmiſter*;
Near to that Place where want of fight
Makes Juſtice ſometimes Err.

Now how theſe Stones makes hard the Heart,
Of Burgeſſ or of Knight;
And do by Influence impart,
Their perſecuting Spight.

'Tis hard to tell the cauſe thereof
Like other Myſteries;
Nor wou'd I Aim at that altho'
That I were ne'er ſo wiſe.

But yet 'tis true or tell me now,
How could ſuch Zeal inſpire;
Sir E—d S—r or J—n H—w
Of *Glouceſterſhire* Eſquire.

With divers more of leſſer Note
Tho equal in deſert;
Who did their voices for to Vote
With Clamour loud exert.

None of whoſe lives I think can boaſt,
That they have much Religion;
Or value more the Holy Ghoſt
Than Mahomet his Pigeon.

Even H—ly's ſelf I ſay wou'd ſcarce,
Be made a *Smithfield* Martyr;
For Proof clap Faggots to his Arſe,
You'll find you've caught a Tarter.

How this ſame Bill compleatly cook't
To the Peers Houſe is follow'd;
And they who brought it thither look't,
It forthwith ſhould be Swallow'd.

But as a haſty Puddings Spoil'd,
If there does fall ſome Soot in't,
Or if burnt too, ſo this was Spoil'd,
By Biſhop B—t's Foot in't.

For he with toe *Episcopale*,
Thereto gave ſuch a zeſt,
Their Lordſhips ſtraight grew Squeamiſh all
None could the ſame Diſgeſt.

In vain brisk N—m did ſpeak
Who is ſo Pale and thin
In vain did G—ſey ſilence break,
Who is ſo like to him.

Their words alas! went for no more,
Than does the news of Grubſter,
Or then in Commons Houſe before,
Went Hedges voice the Thruſter.

The Wiſe and Valiant Lord of N—th,
With little better Luck
In Windy Words did bluſter forth,
So did his Grace of Buck.

For to tell truth ſome Peers did Smoak
That this ſame Bill's Progreſſion,
Might by Degrees at length have broke
The Proteſtant Succeſſion.

Such ſnares too groſe were for to bite,
Thoſe who could well diſcern 'em
Wherefore this Bill was Kick'd out quite,
Pro nunc & Sempiternum.

Now God Preſerve our Queen I ſay,
And grant her long to Reign,
And God keep Popery I Pray,
On the other ſide the Main.

F I N I S